

# The Pocahontas Times.

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Andrew Price, Editor

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**McKINLEY TO MILES.**

Sez McKinley to Miles, sez he, Here's a job, sure, that's out out for you.

There's a cross-grained old don In the town of San Juan That I want y' to go an' t' do.

Sez he, Sez McKinley, sez he, to Miles.

Sez McKinley to Miles, sez he, I'll ax you to do th' thing quick An' ye'll not a bit vex as Ef you push in his plexus, Shure, y' know how to do thot same trick.

Sez he, Sez McKinley, sez he, to Miles.

Sez McKinley to Miles, sez he, Give him wan on his joog-u-lar vein An' a couple o' swats In the thin o' the alats B' th' way o' remimberin the Ma'ns.

Sez he, Sez McKinley, sez he, to Miles.

Sez McKinley to Miles, sez he, Do n't fool wid the son-of-a-gun. But keep at him, sez he, Till he's half fricasse; That's the kind of a job I want done.

Sez he, Sez McKinley, sez he, to Miles. —Philadelphia Call.

**County Sketches.**

**VIII. THE HORSE THIEF.**

Up the winding grade of Indian Mountain a man riding a fine bay horse rode on a bright summer day. He passed the near out used by all who traveled the road on foot or horseback, keeping the main road which was the longer and less precipitous way to the top of the mountain. He was evidently a stranger in the county.

Not long after he had passed this near out he became aware that he was being overtaken by a man riding a horse that had a swifter walk than his own. According to the custom of the road he allowed his horse to take a slower pace in order that he might be joined by the man behind, a proceeding that the horse seemed to understand perfectly. The riders thereafter joggled along together. After the usual introductory remarks concerning the weather without which the common run of humanity would lack a stepping stone to a wider acquaintance, the young man who had come up east a critical eye on the other's horse for subject for further conversation.

"Do you want to trade that hoss?" he asked.

"No, I can't say that I do. I am but a poor trader."

"How long you had him?"

A close observer might have noted a curious and somewhat sinister gleam in the other's eye, but the questioner seemed to take no heed.

"I bought him three days ago near Caterville."

"You do n't know who raised him, do you? I live near Caterville myself."

"No, I do n't. I bought him of a young fellow I met in the road. I am a doctor, and I was taking a walk through your beautiful mountain country. I found out that I could not walk as well as I thought I could and bought the first horse I found for sale which suited me. Are we nearing the top of the mountain?"

"Yes, it is right here. You see that gang of men up there?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's a *poase comitatus*, and I will have to tell you that I am the deputy sheriff of Adams County in search for this boss and I will have to ask you to come back with us and prove that you came by this property honestly."

Then followed a scene in which the motions of the men were too quick to make an impression on the eye. Two pistol shots rang out and the stranger dropped from his horse like a wounded squirrel from the limb of a tree, and the deputy sheriff quieted his frightened steed and felt his head to see if it was still whole. The squad of men in waiting charged down upon the two with pistols drawn, and found the deputy sheriff and the stranger lying in the side-ditch

with his eyes fixed on the group. He was the first to speak.

"Well, my kind Christian friends I hope you are satisfied with your handiwork. You will find very little of value upon my person to reward you for wounding an inoffending man. Before you proceed with your work, however, I would thank you to place me in a better position. I seem numb and just for curiosity I should like to know what damage I have sustained in this scrimmage. I should naturally like to know whether it is worth while to make an effort to get over this. I am somewhat alarmed about myself, for I feel very much like lying here—I feel very comfortable. That's right now, please find out where I am wounded."

"You are shot in the stomach," said an elderly man, "and whether you are a horse-thief or not, I trust you are not seriously hurt. That's my horse. I know him from a colt, and we are only after our own property. For all we know you may be perfectly innocent of this theft."

"Do n't tell me I have shot the wrong man," groaned the young deputy, and the stranger looked at him intently.

"Just guide my hand to the wound, my dear sir. Well it is as I supposed, shot through the bowels. The ball, I haven't a doubt, is lodged against my spine, and it may please fate to spare me pain in dying. My young friend, I congratulate you on your dexterity. I trust that you are unhurt."

"Do n't talk that way," pleaded the deputy sheriff. "Tell me who I have shot anyway."

"All in good time," said the wounded man. "While I may not have time to tell you all I wish to say, I am feeling too good to be hurried. No, no whiskey, thank you my good friends. The spot that the whiskey reaches has been destroyed. I beg of you that you will all take some of the stimulant, especially our deputy-sheriff, who looks wretchedly."

The excited group had recourse to the bottle of whiskey which they were but too glad to gulp down at the command of the stranger, who lying on a grassy mound directed their movements so calmly.

"I have studied medicine and have some remedies with me. Just look for a case in my breast pocket. Bring some water. Yes, that in the puddle will do as well as any. Put that syringe together, pump it full of water, and eject it. Yes it is a squirt-gun. Now dissolve one of the pellets in about a spoonful of water. Fill it up and insert the needle under the skin of my arm. Just so. Did it all enter? Ah, that was well done. I had you do that to show you how and if pains do come my way, just give me repetitions of that treatment until I tell you that I am easier. Promise me that and I will tell you how I came to have that miserable horse in my possession. Do you promise?"

"What in the medicine in the pellets?"

"Oh, that is an alkaloid."

"Well, we will squirt it into you and send for a doctor too."

"No, no doctor for me, I can doctor myself."

"Well, let's hear about yourself."

"That can be told in a few words. I am going to die, and all for a trifling thing too. My name is Roger Wickline, at least it used to be. I have gone under different names since. I was what the world calls well born. My father was a New York speculator and my mother a society woman. That was a bad cross and I come by my disposition honestly, but it's not an honest disposition. I believe that I am what is called an artist in crime. From my earliest recollection I would do things that were forbid to which a penalty was attached.

"As a child my nurse recognized I was never satisfied until I had broken every command in such a way that while evil consequences were raked they were averted. As I grew older to steal

and annoy and lay myself liable to punishment seemed inherent in me, and I always escaped detection. I seemed to be possessed of an evil genius that invented mischief. I had no partners in crime. I was never suspected when property was destroyed, and I had particular delight in carrying out my schemes of malicious mischief.

"I went to the best schools and to college. I stole a twenty-dollar gold piece from a poor student and dropped it in the coat-pocket of an old darkey. He found it, blessed the Lord, spent it, and went to the penitentiary.

"I broke into the house of a rich man and cut a fine painting to pieces. I had no spite against him. I stole pieces from vehicles and caused runaways and breakdowns. I blew up a county bridge. I was never even suspected of any part in these crimes.

"When I had completed my medical education I practiced among poor people, and whenever safe I poisoned a patient and he died.

"Shortly my father became a bankrupt and soon I was pressed for means. Then it occurred to me that I might turn my talent to advantage and steal enough for my needs. Now understand me—the ill-gotten gains was not the end for which I worked, any more than it is with the painter who glories in the execution of his work of art, and takes the money it brings him as an incident of his profession.

"Thereafter I lived by neatly-planned robberies. I murdered an inoffensive woman, and her husband was hung for it. The children of men call that killing two birds with one stone. And all this time I had escaped detection and I grew to consider myself as being more than a match for the law. I lived at ease, and for some time I had been banking for some particularly difficult task for the excitement it would afford me.

"In an evil hour I picked up a copy of a West Virginia county newspaper which made the statement, that while horse-stealing seemed to be hereditary and that the number of horse thieves was on the increase, yet it could be safely asserted that a horse had never been so successfully spirited away but that the owner recovered it in a short time, and that the thief rarely if ever escaped detection.

"Here was an opportunity. I had plenty of money. I came to West Virginia and took a horse, and when it was too late I realized that I had a white elephant on my hands. The lubberly brat could not be hid. His tracks led from my presence to the stable of his owner. He could not be concealed in the woods for he would require food. Every man I met showed an impertinent interest in the horse, and no sooner would a countryman see him than he had every knob and mark fixed indelibly in his mind. They would cast a glance at him and know his sire and grand sire. Cross between a Patrick Henry and a Flyaway they told me time and again, and that brute out there left a trail behind him as broad and distinct as a comet. My desire in the beginning was to keep the horse as a trophy, but I realized that the sooner I took the horse to some out of the way place and killed him, the better. I was looking for a suitable place to turn into the woods when you rode up, and at this occurred hour I am lying here a victim to an inordinate desire to accomplish an impossibility. I can not recover, but I die wishing that accursed brute, which has jolted me for days, was to accompany me in the journey that may be before me.

"My friends, I am done. For the past few minutes my pain has been coming upon me. Dissolve ten of those pellets in water, and do not stop until you have injected the solution into my arm. I thank you in advance."

And the *poase comitatus* went to work, and having mixed enough morphine to kill a horse, merrily pumped it into the stranger's blood and helped him to a speedy and easy end.

**BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.**

**The Second Branch of the Gumm Family Tree.—The Descendants of Jacob Gumm.**

W. T. P.

The second group of the Gumm relationship are the descendants of Jacob Gumm, who came from what is now Crabbottom, in Highland county, soon after the war of 1812. Upon his marriage with Martha Houchin, he settled near Green Bank, on land now owned by C. A. Lightner. A part of his wife's patrimony were two colored girls, Delph and Daphne, and in their time colored people were curiosities. Upon moving he settled on the place now held by Joseph Beard.

Mr and Mrs Gumm were the parents of seven sons and four daughters. The girls were Mary, Margaret, Nancy and Nellie.

Mary married Randolph Powhattan Bouldin, a journeyman shoemaker.

Nancy married William Sutton and lived on property lately occupied by Craig Ashford. Her children were Robert, George Gatewood, Sherman, Eldridge, Anna, now Mrs Craig Ashford; Magnolia and Mary.

Margaret married Charles Mace and went to Missouri.

Nellie was a life long invalid.

William M. Gumm married Sally Tallman, of James Tallman, the early settler, and lived on Deer Creek. His children were George, Franklin, Samuel, Milton, Lee, Martha Jane, now Mrs W. J. Woodell, and lives at Addison; Caroline, who became Mrs Lafayette Burner; Ella, now Mrs Brown Trainer; Rebecca, now Mrs Lee Burner; Marietta, now Mrs Enos Tallman; and Nancy, who died at the age of four years. Further particulars given in the Tallman sketches.

McBride Jackson Gumm married Eliza Thomas, of Harrisonburg, and spent much of his married life on Clover Creek. His family consisted of four sons and two daughters: Brown, William, Fillmore, Woods, Agnes and Caroline. McBride J. Gumm was a gallant Confederate soldier and served most of his time in Captain J. W. Marshall's Cavalry.

Jacob Gumm, Junior, married Virginia Burke and migrated to Ohio. No particulars are in hand concerning his family.

Charles Gumm married Jane Hartman and migrated to Ohio. He was a blacksmith by occupation.

Gatewood Gumm went to Ohio when a young single man and settled there.

Robert N. Gumm married Anna Riley and resides on the old Cooper farm, two miles east of Green Bank. His sons are William, John and Joseph. The daughters are Elizabeth, who became Mrs Harry Burner and went to Wyoming; Anna, who married Snowden Cooper; and Blanche.

Robert N. Gumm was a brave Confederate soldier in the 31st Virginia Infantry, a member of the Green Bank Company. On account of his coolness and self-possession under fire he was frequently selected for ambulance service on the field in caring for the wounded. To be efficient for such a service requires more than ordinary nerve, and he was found to be well qualified for it. In times of peace he has become well and widely known as a miller, and is now managing the Hevener Mill on the North Branch of Deer Creek.

John E. Gumm married Harriet Hudson, daughter of Hon Elijah Hudson, and lives on a section of the Bible place, two miles from Green Bank. Mention of his family was made in the Hudson Sketches. John E. Gumm was a Confederate soldier in the 18th Virginia Cavalry, under Col W. L. Jackson, and seted well his part in the sufferings and privations that soldiers had to endure on the outposts during the sad war between the states.

From J. E. Gumm the writer derived valuable aid for this sketch as we sat on our horses one warm July morning of the late summer, after a casual meeting in the public road.

The Pocahontas groups of the Gumm relationship trace their ancestry to the Highland families of that name. These Highland families have for their progenitors pioneers who are believed to have been from western Maryland, and among the earlier settlers of Pendleton, possibly antedating the Revolution.

Thus in the manner indicated, the writer has been furnished with the facilities to illustrate the home and personal history of a family relationship long known in our county. From these groups our citizenship has been furnished with many useful persons who have done a good part in the development of our county. Some have been useful as blacksmiths, carpenters and farmers; others endured hardships as good soldiers in struggling for what they believed to be right. Many humble homes have been rendered nice and pleasant by the skillful home-keepers so frequently met with in this connexion.

As the writer proceeds in the prosecution of this pleasant duty of illustrating the family history of our Pocahontas people, he becomes more and more impressed with the thought that we have in our citizenship many of the most improvable people to be found anywhere. Under right influences results might be achieved that would astonish the world, as to the possibilities of our people. The writer believes that one of the best things that all of us could do for self-improvement and the attainment of high and grand possibilities would be to bear always in mind, "As a man thinks so is he." It was with this in mind that one of the most eminent persons that ever lived and who has done more for human improvement than any other mortal man, gave this advice to some people he was greatly interested in and with whom he seemed to have been especially pleased. It was this, "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, THINK ON THESE THINGS."

**THE ROD OF CORRECTION.**

A sermon worthy of more than passing notice was recently delivered at Marlinton by Presiding Elder Martin. This sermon may be spoken of as a "word in season." The thoughts presented were suggested by the mournful history of Eli's family, given in 1st Samuel, chapters one to four. The text was 1 Samuel iii, 11-14.

And the Lord said to Samuel: Behold I will do a thing in Israel at which both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle.

In that day I will perform against Eli all things which I have spoken concerning his house: when I begin I will also make an end.

For I have told him that I will judge his house forever for the iniquity which he knoweth, because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not.

And therefore I have sworn unto the house of Eli, that the iniquity of Eli's house shall not be purged with sacrifice nor offerings forever.

The sad results of parental indulgence were vividly presented, and most of the prevailing and threatened evils that now make the future so ominous for families and the nations are to be traced to mistaken kindness on the part of parents in not "restraining their sons and daughters" at the proper time, when under parental authority. One of the telling points made was in reference to indulging in things that parents regard as wrong, and the children think to be harmless, and will indulge in spite of parental wishes to the contrary. By so doing they fail to honor fathers and mothers, and by doing thus, what otherwise might be a harmless indulgence becomes a violation of the commandments, and dishonor to parents is prohibited along with murder and other crime. The speaker emphasized the importance of parents asserting their authority, restrain their children and drive from their thresholds the morally impure, with something of the same aversion and horror that they would

bruse the heads of vipers and copperheads when found crawling too near their homes. S. C. R.

**A BISHOP ON THE ROAD.**

A recent issue of the New York World has an interesting article concerning the adventures of Bishop Coleman, of Delaware, who figured as a tramp a few weeks since in northern West Virginia. Unknown, in coarse clothing, he walked 235 miles in ten days. Beginning at Martinsburg he footed it to Romney over the Alleghenies, thence to Grafton, and then went down the Cumberland Valley on his return to Wilmington, Delaware, where his fine home is situated. On his tramp he would stop where night came on, and frequently did hard work for food and lodging. Mending clocks, tinkering umbrellas, sawing wood, or milking cows. He slept in a barn, a school house, or under the trees. The Bishop is 61 years of age, of fine physique. He carried but little money on his journey, for which he found no special need.

The place where he had the most enjoyable incident was at the home of a mountaineer where he found a number of families assembled for a cottage prayer-meeting one evening. His spirit was so stirred by their devotions that he could not be silent, so he led in prayer, and then preached, and left an impression on his hearers that will not be soon forgotten by them. He ranks as one of the eminent pulpit orators in the Episcopal church.

When asked by an interviewer as to what impression he got from these poor folks of the woods and mountains, what of them and their life, the Bishop is reported to have made this reply: "Ox-like patience. A wonderful contentment with hard conditions. No soft beds, no tempting food, no carpets, no love or comprehension of the beautiful, no comfort, and yet with it all a kind of happiness."

The Bishop was asked to what he attributed his rugged health, and his explanation was to this effect: "To my lifelong habit of walking—the best of all exercise; and to the fact that I have never tasted tea, coffee, or other stimulants."

He spent ten days on the excursion in actual walking, and covered 235 miles. The next time he takes a walk let him come to Pocahontas and find out what a nice place it is for "entertaining angels unawares." S. C. R.

**HON THOMAS F. BAYARD.**

This eminent man died the 28th of September at the home of his daughter, Dedham, Massachusetts. For nearly two months he had been unwell, owing chiefly to a breaking down incident to old age, being in his 70th year.

The Bayard family has been eminent in our country's history for two hundred years, and the late Senator was one of the most distinguished of the name. In 1685 Nicholas Bayard was mayor of New York; John Bayard was a leader in the Revolution, and four members of the family have been United States Senators from Delaware. The subject of this sketch was born in 1828. He became a distinguished lawyer, and was conspicuously prominent in his opposition to the civil war as the wrong way to settle the troubles complained of. He became United States Senator in 1868, and served three terms. In 1884, when Mr Cleveland was nominated for President, the next largest vote was cast for Mr Bayard, and he was Secretary of State in the first Cleveland Administration, and was Ambassador to England during the second Cleveland administration. Queen Victoria sent Mrs Bayard a telegram of sympathy.

His character was an honor to his country, as all cheerfully admit who may have differed widely with him as to political views. It was no doubt largely due to his influence that the present state of good feeling exists between England and America, and the American people may never fully realize how much they owe him for his good offices in this respect.